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## THE MUSICAL VERSIONS OF GOETHE'S "FAUST."

BY ADOLPHE JULLIEN.<sup>1</sup>

(Concluded from p. 130.)

VIII. THE "FAUSTS" PROJECTED BY BEETHOVEN, MENDELSSOHN, MEYERBEER, ROSSINI AND BOIELDIEU. RESUME.

We have now arrived at the conclusion of this study. We have in course cited or commented on some thirty works, endeavoring to lend an equal attention to the principal ones and to show forth their real value, without regard to the preferences of the world. We have drawn several names from oblivion, and, for an instant, have revived these authors and their works; and then we have studied at some length the four capital creations with which music has been inspired by Goethe's drama. The *Faust* of Spohr offered only a speculative interest; it was curious to run through an opera which defied all competition for a long time, but which cannot bear comparison with any one of the three rival works. There remain then Gounod, Berlioz and Schumann, three composers of great talent, or of genius, worthy to enter the list and to contend which will best comprehend and translate this gigantic poem which embraces all the universe, beings and abstractions, causes and results, realities and chimeras, the possible and the impossible.

The drama of *Faust* is like a mirror which should faithfully retrace to our eyes the whole life of the poet. To see the successive alterations it has undergone under his hands, one would imagine himself a witness to all the transformations of Goethe; one would seem to follow the immense and subtle labors of his mind during the latter part of his career. The first scenes, which appeared in 1790, attach themselves to his youth. Proud, bold, passionate at the beginning, Goethe, when he resumed the work and composed the scenes which were published in 1807, to complete the *First Faust*, became more mysterious, more symbolical.<sup>2</sup> Finally, during nearly thirty years, he conceived and caused to germinate in his mind that *Second Part*, that strange and striking work, defective perhaps in an artistic point of view, but which only genius could create. Goethe, then, has in some sort lived his poem of *Faust*: generous, passionate, romantic at the age of twenty; enamored of antique art, of what is serious and calm, on his return from Italy; seeking finally, in his mature age, a universal eclecticism, uniting poesy to sci-

ence, the spirit of antiquity to that of modern life.

Beethoven, as afterwards Meyerbeer, had during his whole life a desire to put Goethe's poem into music. One day even, about 1807, in a moment of good humor, he wrote a Song of the Flea; but his attention, suddenly diverted, was obliged to return to more pressing labors. "I do not always write what I wish," he said sadly to his friend Bihler, "I work for money! But when the bad times have passed, I will write what will please myself, for art alone: it will probably be *Faust*."<sup>3</sup>

Unhappily, the bad times never passed, and some years later, when the literary writer Rochlitz proposed to him on the part of the house of Härtel, in Leipzig, to compose music for *Faust*, as he had done for *Egmont*, Beethoven, then all absorbed in the conception of the Ninth Symphony, replied: "I have already three other great works in hand for some time past; they are partly hatched in my head, and I should like first to disengage myself of them, to wit: two grand symphonies, different from the first ones, and an oratorio. That will be long, for, you see, since a certain time I have no longer the same facility for writing, I wait and I think a long time, and that does not come just in time upon paper. I hesitate to commence a great work, but once started, it goes on."<sup>4</sup> This was in July 1822. Of the works announced, no one saw the light except the symphony with chorus.

Goethe, we have said before, would have been pleased to have had his *Faust* put into music by Meyerbeer, who was almost on the point of realizing the secret desire and the prediction of the poet; for he had many times the idea of writing a score of *Faust*. If he renounced this project, it was, it seems, from fear of disengaging first Spohr, his friend, and then M. Gounod. Nevertheless Meyerbeer left at his death an unfinished work, *The Youth of Goethe*, the drama by M. Blaze de Bury, for which he had composed a very important musical part. This *intermède* comprises, besides other fragments borrowed from Goethe's poem, the scene of the Cathedral and the final Hosanna of the second part. Unfortunately, the musician's will, confirmed by the French tribunal, expressly forbade the representation and the publication of this work. . . .

Mendelssohn had been equally struck by the grandeur and the affecting pathos of the drama of Goethe. In that fruitless quest after a good opera poem, which was the constant preoccupation of his whole life and the regret of his age, he returned by preference and as if by instinct to the ineffable loves of Doctor Faust with the young orphan girl, to the sombre incantations of the demon, which he felt would surely inflame his imagination and lend more of tenderness and of fantastic poesy to his inspiration. But he never dared to pass beyond the thought to the act and to write the first notes of a work which, nevertheless, exercised an all-powerful charm over him.

<sup>1</sup> We translate from "Goethe et la Musique: Ses Juges, son Influence, Les Oeuvres qu'il a inspirées." Par ADOLPHE JULLIEN, Paris, 1880. — ED.

<sup>2</sup> We may cite among these episodes the monologue of Faust after the departure of Wagner, his attempt at suicide interrupted by the Easter hymn, the double promenade in the garden, and the death of Valentine.

<sup>3</sup> Schindler: *Vie de Beethoven*, Sowinski's translation, p. 204.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 217.

" . . . You are precisely the only man who could aid me if he would!" he wrote in 1843 to his dear friend Edouard Devrient. "Why will you not? Art occupies in your heart as considerable a place as in mine, and we have been in accord on all the questions we have agitated. Has nothing, then, ever fallen under your eyes of which you might make a masterpiece? Have you nothing in your portfolio? Lately I have thought that, if one were to throw into as few verses as possible some five or six pieces of Shakespeare, it would be a pleasure to put them into music. Do you not think the same? *King Lear*, for example, — or then again *Faust*, to which I am always coming back? . . ."

Rossini, also, for a long time, caressed the idea of writing an opera of *Faust* on a libretto which Alexander Dumas was to prepare for him. Count Pillet-Will, whose intimate relations with Rossini are well known, has given to a trust-worthy person, from whom we have them, the following details upon this subject. Rossini had signed with Véron a contract, by which he engaged to compose for the Opéra five works entirely new, in different kinds. The first was *Guillaume Tell*, the second was to be *Faust*. Some time after the representation of *Robert le Diable*, he went to find Véron to talk with him about his future opera; but the happy director, all intoxicated by the success of a work which he played only against his inclination, received him coldly, pretended many and many a reason for deferring it: in short, Rossini, out of patience, tore up his contract on the spot, and went away. A short time after that, he returned to live in Italy. There he received one day a visit from Fétis, and showed to the astonished musician a huge score, adding: "This is a *Faust* by me."

Fétis himself related this occurrence to the person from whom we have learned it. Did Rossini speak the truth, or was this one of those mystifications of which his mocking humor was so fond? We do not know, but we wish to believe that he was not joking. It pleases us to think that the author of *Guillaume Tell* could not withdraw himself from the charm which Goethe's poem exercised over the imaginations of the élite, that he had yielded to the temptation to write, and that, alone, with no other object but his own pleasure, he had composed an entire opera, with the fixed idea that it should never see the light. It is true that we find no mention of this work in the list of the unpublished works of Rossini which appeared just after his death; perhaps he had destroyed or lost it. None the less does it appear established that we owe to the indifference of Véron our having never seen this genius of light and outward passion at close quarters with the sombre, chaste and naïve poetry of the master of Weimar.

On his part, Boieldieu, without being vividly moved by the poem of Goethe, was solicited to set it to music by a well known author, who saw there a chance of one more success for a certain style of drama. It was at the time when Boieldieu wrote *Les Deux Nuits* that Antony Béraud, the friend of Frederic

Soulié, afterwards director of the Opéra-Comique, made him the offer—well enough received at first—to arrange the *Faust* as a comic opera on his account. Béraud has himself related, in a newspaper article, the propositions he had made in this sense to the celebrated composer, the hesitations of the latter, his indecision and finally his refusal. Boieldieu, it seems, had asked him if he would like to make with his coöperation a work à *grand tra-la-la*; these were the musician's own expressions. Proud of such an honor, Béraud, who was then working at a drama of *Faust* for the Porte-Saint-Martin, with the coöperation of Merle, assistant director of that theatre, had the idea of transforming this drama into a comic opera, in spite of the first opposition of his fellow-worker, which he had no difficulty in overcoming; and some days afterwards he submitted to the musician the plan of a *Faust* turned into a comic opera, with a feminine Mephistopheles.

But Boieldieu had already changed his mind, and he presently returned the poem to Béraud, with a very amiable letter, in which, while manifesting a desire to be his collaborator for some subject that should be original, and possibly a trifle diabolical, and while recognizing the piquant details and the dramatic effects which this piece would present, above all with the devil in the guise of a pretty woman, yet he did not believe he could accept his offer for the following reason: "As I have had the honor of telling you, M. Scribe has treated, or is to treat this subject for Feydeau. He designs it for M. Meyerbeer, and, as I have been in the confidence of this project, it would be an unhandsome proceeding on my part to engage you to treat it for the Opéra-Comique." Whether this were the real reason or only a pretext in order not to disoblige Béraud by a groundless refusal, certain it is that Boieldieu did not undertake to cope with the vast conception of Goethe, for which it is no disparagement to say he was not at all prepared. The musician's letter of refusal is dated March 9, 1828. Nine months afterwards, on the 20th October, the first representation of Béraud's grand drama took place at the Porte-Saint-Martin. It obtained a brilliant success, to which the sweet and melodious inspirations of Boieldieu would no doubt have added nothing—even if they had not hurt it.

But let us return to the musicians, who, more happy than Beethoven, Rossini and Meyerbeer, have been able to give free course to their inspiration, and allow their soul to sing as it was moved and troubled by the reading of this admirable poem.

Schumann is the only one among them who, after the example of Goethe, has made of his musical conception the work of his whole life; who has translated the aspirations of its different ages; who has, so to speak, lived the life of his personages. This complete similitude with his model gives him already an incontestable superiority over his rivals. But he has also, over Berlioz and over M. Gounod, the precious advantage of being essentially German in mind, heart and tendencies;

of seizing, consequently, better than any one, the most secret meanings, the most abstract thoughts, the most mysterious depths of the German poem. Thus, compare the episodes of the Garden and of the Cathedral (the only two which both he and his rivals have treated), and instantly his superiority will flash upon the eyes of all, without searching in the other parts of his work, which abound in inspirations of the first order, and which bear on every page the undeniable mark of genius.

M. Gounod and Berlioz have the advantage, rather insignificant in its kind, over their rival, of having been able to complete their work; the one with the care and the research which he brought erewhile to his least productions, the other with his eager passion and his romantic enthusiasm. Each work bears, profoundly graven on it, the imprint of the artist; the one remarkably elaborated, finely chiseled, filled with a gentle passion and a chaste reverie, but sullied now and then by trickery and affectation; the other, more powerful, more vigorous, full of burning passion and of feverish ardor. The one seduces, charms, intoxicates; the other seizes, dominates, exalts. The one is the work of a reflective inspiration, the other of an ardent imagination.

Goethe may count, then, with good right, among the musical works which his poem has inspired, at least three exceptional creations, one of them truly incomparable. Around these three stars gravitate numerous satellites. Around the names of Schumann, of Berlioz, of Gounod, shine with a tempered lustre those of Spohr, of Mlle. Bertin, of Lindpaintner, of Radziwill, and of so many others, who, in default of success and glory, have had the precious honor of measuring themselves with genius, and have thus merited that their name should not die.

And who can tell the secrets of the future? Perhaps one day some new name will shine by the side of those who have been the most favored of fortune; perhaps there will arise some man of genius who will create yet another masterpiece upon the poem of the master, and who will come, anew, after Gounod, after Berlioz, after Schumann, at once to confirm by his attempt, and to contradict by his success, this severe prediction of Goethe: "The *Faust* is essentially a work which cannot be measured entire; every attempt to give the complete understanding of it must fail. It is necessary, moreover, to take account of one thing, which is that the first part is the expression of a thought still beset with obscurity. This very obscurity exercises an attraction over men, and they strive to triumph over it, as over every insoluble problem."

#### MEPHISTOPHELIAN MUMMERY.

Most of our contemporaries have launched forth into lavish praise of Boito's "Mefistofele;" and we suppose we ought also to have gone mad over it, and done the usual amount of ecstatic raving. But there are certain reasons for our moderation, or rather for our silence. We do not, at the best, think very highly of Italian opera, at any rate as cultivated in England, as a branch of musical art; we do not like the uses to which it is put; and we have a special aversion to the degradation of music and the distortion of pure art which this particularly Mephisto-

phelian opera displays. It has portions which come within the realm of pure art, there is no doubt; but they are injured by their connection. It has been "an immense success," "the feature of the 1880 season," a "veritable triumph," and so forth; and as these facts have had so many chroniclers, there was the less need that we should occupy our space by recording them. Notwithstanding its thousand-and-one trumpeters, however, we must protest against the tendency of things which "Mefistofele" illustrates. We shall, doubtless, protest in vain—but we shall still protest. We have had a "Ride to the abyss," and have seen *Faust* "Delivered to the Flames;" now we are bidden to rise to cooler and serener localities, and listen to a "Prologue in Heaven." Ye gods, what next? To what further uses is music to be put? To what still more daringly impious lengths will these degenerates of the divinest of all the arts be led by their feverish thirst after originality? Nothing seems to escape the prying eyes of these hunters after a name, and no subject seems too sacred to be "set to music" by this erratic and epileptic school of composers. We are not at all disposed to be prudish in these matters; but we think these modern Athenians, in their desire to hear some new thing, should exhaust earth before going either to heaven or to hell for a libretto. We have no words to express our supreme contempt for the corrupt, meretricious, depraved taste which writes musical "prologues in heaven," tries to paint the laughter of fiends by clarinets and fiddles, and dares to attempt to realize by musical cacophony the sensations of a miserable wretch about to be delivered to the tortures of the damned. If earth is not enough for these musical maniacs, let them keep their impious hands away from heaven, and confine their frantic efforts to the other place. Or, if they have exhausted (!) the almost boundless possibilities of earth, with its ever-varying kaleidoscope of human life, and human love, and human woe, and cannot write any original melodies or harmonies nor devise any new musical situations, let them acknowledge that their occupation is gone. The "prologue in heaven" style of music may or may not be to the taste of those critics who have fallen so violently in love with Boito's opera as a whole—it is certainly not to ours; and we should consider ourselves traitors to the best interests of art if we did not cry out against such profanations of music. There have been great composers of pure music whose works will always be heard because they appeal to the artistic sense in man; and it is quite possible that the composers whose vagaries we condemn may be able to walk worthily in the steps of the illustrious dead. If they are, let them show it; by their fruits we shall know them. If not, let them be forever silent. We have enough good music to form a museum of great composers; but if the moderns can add nothing better than "prologues in heaven," we had better close the list, mark the last two centuries as "the musical epoch," and regard the vein as worked out. If no other Purcells, Bachs, Haydns, Mozarts, Beethovens, Spohrs, or Mendelssohns are ever to appear to the end of all time, we have at least one of each to fall back upon, and their works can never die. The world will worship at the old shrines until newer and better ones are erected. We have at least enough pure and beautiful music to fill a very large library, even if no more should ever be written; and its beauty can never become threadbare. These composers did not degrade their art: they exalted it to the very pinnacle of grandeur. "Prologues in Heaven" do degrade it, and posterity can very well spare the heap of rubbish which has of late years accumulated under the hands of composers of that ilk.—*Lon. Mus. Standard.*

## THE LYRICAL DRAMA.

BY G. A. MACFARREN, ESQ., M.A.,  
Mus. Doc. Cantab., Prof. Mus. Cantab.

Concluded from page 132.

We will now advance to the period of Gluck. He began his career as a writer of Italian operas. On this Italian modern (for then it was modern) model Gluck recited the whole story in what they call "dry recitative" (*recitativo secco*) or recitative, accompanied only with the harpsichord and with the bowed instruments, to sustain the bass note, interspersed with one or other of the five classes of *aria*. He attained great celebrity, in consequence of which he was engaged to write for the King's Theatre in London. Here he supposed that, his works being unfamiliar, a pasticcio would supply all that was necessary, and therefore his opera, *La Caduta de' Giganti*, was a collection of pieces from several of his other operas adapted to a new text, and the work produced small effect. This brought upon him the conviction that music, to fulfill its highest functions, must be written for, and written to, the situation in which it was presented; that an adaptation of old music to new words, or new words to old music misrepresented both, and that the true dramatic qualities could only be fulfilled if words and music were written for each other, and when these both belong to the situation for which they were designed. Such, indeed, was the idea which had been germinated by the Florentines, in their institution of recitative and thence of the opera. Such had been set forth at length by that distinguished Venetian amateur, Benedetto Marcello, who in 1720, published an essay on dramatic music "Il teatro alla moda," in which he satirized the vices of the dramatic music of the time. It became, hereafter, the province of Gluck to put the theory of Marcello into practice. Gluck, for many years, pondered this new view, although in its novelty it was but a revival of the treatment of the dramatic element in music. He met with a poet, Calzabigi, who entirely agreed with him in this perception of dramatic propriety, and wrote for him, and with him, and into his very thoughts, the text of the opera of *Alceste*.

This was produced in Vienna, in 1767. It was an extraordinary change from what had been heard before, and met with very great success. In consequence of this success Gluck thought that still higher things were possible to music than had been hitherto accomplished. He knew that the resources of the Paris Theatre exceeded those in any other capital; he knew the great powers of scenic effect, and how all the accessories then incident to the stage were to be met with in Paris. He went thither for the sake of extending his practice in the composition of opera, and he brought forward his opera of *Iphigénie en Aulide* with a success which fully realized all his desires. But here he was bound by the exigency of the French opera of intermixing with his music very much dancing. He met with the famous Vestri, another instance of French recourse to Italian genius, for although the French is the dancing nation of all the world by universal admission, this great Vestri, who bears the title in French annals of "Le dieu de la danse," was Italian born, and added the "s" to the end of his name only after he had been some years settled in France. When then *Iphigénie* was to be produced, Vestri went to Gluck to make arrangements for the ballet. He said he must have his *gavotte*, he must have his *allemande*, he must have his *bourrée*. Gluck exclaimed, "Agamemnon never danced a *gavotte*!" Vestri replied, "So much the worse for Agamemnon; the people of Paris cannot witness an opera without one"; and consequently such dances were necessarily inserted into the drama which represented the wo-

of Agamemnon compelled to sacrifice his daughter in order to propitiate Diana for fair winds to carry the Greeks to Troy.

We find in Handel the representation of several characters contained in one piece of music, but they have still this stagnant quality of singing so many asides together, and never addressing one another. A composer who is only known by name, for I have never been able to meet with any specimen of his works, Logroscino, is said to have, in some operas he wrote for the small theatre in Naples, represented continuous action in music, and to have had great success. Nicolo Piccini, afterwards the rival of Gluck in the great Paris musical warfare, extended the idea, and in his opera, *La buona Figliuola*, there are specimens of long-continued music during a varied action, where the characters address one another, where sometimes each sings his own sentiment aside while others sing theirs, and where this particular element in lyrical composition is brought to a very high standard. This was set to a text founded on our Richardson's novel of *Pamela*. The opera had an immense success, and, in consequence of it, Piccini's fame was very greatly extended.

The particular combination of characters and continuation of action has its highest example in the masterpieces of Mozart, and we need but refer to the great finale of *Don Giovanni*, to the finale of each act of *Figaro*, and to the sextet in the second act of *Don Giovanni*, to perceive the utmost to which the dramatic musical art has yet attained; the utmost to which it seems possible human genius can ever reach. The only probability that dramatic music may exceed these examples may be in the choice of a loftier subject than the gallantries of *Don Giovanni* and the intrigues of the Count's valet in *Figaro*. But with the application of such resources to a great tragical or a great religious subject, the opera is capable of becoming the greatest development of the musical art. It is especially to be noticed, in these works of Mozart, that all the principles of musical construction are manifestly fulfilled, and that while they illustrate the action, while they express and declaim the text, the musical composition is in itself so complete and so perfect that were the words withdrawn we should still be delighted to hear the music; were the action imperceptible, one still would feel his musical sense satisfied in the admirable pieces which these works present.

I have now to speak of a particular quality in dramatic composition much vaunted of late as a novelty due exclusively to one composer, and characterized by the German term of *leit-motif*. The rise of this may grow to be an abuse, and one must bear in mind the remark of one of the humorous journals on some more or less recent performance of the kind, that the Portuguese proverb Byron quoted may be applied to some of the works in question, and we may say that "Valhalla is paved with good motives," and those motives are not always realized. One finds a particularly strong anticipation of this allusion to a musical idea that has been previously stated in the first *finale* of Beethoven's *Fidelio*. In the scene in this opera where the governor of the prison, Pizarro, requires Rocco, the jailor, to fulfill his dreadful purpose upon the prisoner, Florestan, he has described the contemplated murder, and, after exclaiming "Ein Stoss," sings to four notes, with terrible emphasis, "Und er versummt." In the *finale*, Rocco is pleading for the prisoners to be allowed to range the prison-yard, and enjoy for the first time the fresh air of heaven. Pizarro is angered to find them at large, and demands how has this man dared without order to set them for a while at liberty? No word is in the text replied; but in the orchestra are those four notes by which we read the conscience of

Pizarro—that he feels he has confessed his intention to murder his victim—that he has made this man his confidant, and, of course, as he has made him his confidant, he cannot deny him the privilege which he has used, of giving the prisoners a few moments of freedom.

The same appropriation of a musical idea to the constant expression of one specialty may be noticed in the *Freischütz* of Weber, where the influence of the evil spirit is always indicated by that particular *tremolo* with the soft note upon the drum, together with the *pizzicato* for the basses. Again, in his *Euryanthe*, by that peculiar passage which occurs in the centre of the overture in slower *tempo* than the rest of the movement, with muted violins, which is always used in the opera when allusion is made to that ghost story, which is the means employed to injure the character of Euryanthe. Let us look further: there is scarcely to be met with in an Italian opera a mad scene, where the *prima donna* lets down her back hair, but she is sure to sing some portions of the love duet she had with the tenor in the first act. And in all the operas of this century, where it has been found convenient, is displayed a natural, but not lavish use of this resource. The resource is not confined to dramatic music.

It may be said to be an application of the same thing, that in setting even music for the church the recurrence of a musical idea at a later portion of the text, which idea was previously heard with other words, is employed by the composer to throw the light of that former text upon the latter expression. Thus, for instance, we find in some settings of the canticle *Te Deum* that when in the latter portion of the hymn the words come, "Day by day we magnify Thee," the same musical phrase is appropriated which is set to the words, "We praise Thee, O God." To magnify, to praise, are one outpouring of the heart; and the sense of this magnifying and worshipping, in the latter portion of the hymn, is aggrandized and made more forcible by such musical reference to the corresponding words at the outset of the canticle. And in such manner as this, the principle of recurrent musical ideas is to be used, not as a pantomime trick of bringing up a stage goblin, but as a very high medium of enforcing the musical meaning. Further, it is not confined to vocal composition alone, but I maintain that in the symphony in C-minor of Beethoven, when in the last movement the theme of the *scherzo* recurs, this is quite as much an application of the principle of *leit-motif* as anything that has occurred in recent operas. This is to recall in the midst of the grand heroic movement whatever sentiment the composer designed to express in the music of the *scherzo*; and this was not original in Beethoven, because in a symphony of Haydn in B, which is very little known, in precisely the same manner, and in precisely the same situation, namely, in the middle of the last movement, there occurs a phrase from the minuet of the same symphony.<sup>1</sup>

Again, in the first quartet of Mendelssohn for violins, at the end of the last movement occurs that lovely melody in E-flat, which opens the first movement. In the second quartet he begins with the melody, which he had previously set to words, and the reference to which setting is a very strong index toward comprehending the expression intended by the whole quartet, and the quartet terminates with the same song set forth at length which is only hinted at in the beginning. That is the quartet in A-minor. Then again, in his octet, there recurs in the midst of the last movement, a portion of the *scherzo* which is interwoven with the themes of the last movement, most ingeniously combined, and the one is made to form

<sup>1</sup> This little Haydn symphony was performed in one of the Harvard Symphony Concerts here in Boston about twelve years ago.—Ed.

a counterpoint to the other. Here again we find this application in instrumental music of the element that I think is very valuable, but by no means a recent acquisition in the operatic treasury.

We have to distinguish now between what the French call their grand opera and their comic opera, understanding that the term comic does not signify, as in ordinary speech, matter for jest and laughter and fun, but the comic opera corresponds with what was here called the ballad opera, or the opera of the days of Purcell; an opera, namely, in which there is song, but in which much is spoken. And this has in France a very curious origin. A patent for the performance of the lyrical drama was granted specially to the Académie Royale. It was therefore, forbidden to sing on the stage of any other theatre. There were, however, performed at the Opéra-Comique spoken dramas, which were interspersed with songs; these songs were set to popular tunes, and when the situation for their insertion occurred a scroll was displayed, on which the words were written at length and in large characters; the band played the tune, and the audience sang the song. From this has been developed the Vaudeville, and thence the opéra-comique of the French stage.

Corresponding with the opéra-comique, which has—more than our ballad operas possess—some occasional largely developed pieces, is the *sing-spiel* of the German stage, and it is to be remembered that it has been so highly developed that many of the best works in the German school are of this structure. Such are the *Seraglio*, the *Zauberflöte* of Mozart, the *Freischütz* of Weber, the *Faust* of Spohr, and many others which might be named.

It is in the last fifty years only that the composition of the highest class of opera has been aimed at in England; and although we have lost some of our dearest friends who have had best successes in this department, there are still some who aim at dramatic composition; and let us hope that they will have the opportunity, as no doubt some of them may have the talent, to add yet glories to the lyrical drama. I would lastly remark that the sunshine of the poet draws from that great ocean, the musician's mind, the clouds which reflect its light prismatically broken into countless colors, and which pour their riches upon the earth to warm, and strengthen, and nourish men's hearts with the wealth of harvest—the harvest of the human mind.

#### SACRED CONCERTS AND ORGAN MUSIC IN PARIS.<sup>1</sup>

[1780 and 1880.]

It is neither by chance, nor mere caprice that the above dates, 1780 and 1880, stand side by side at the top of this rapid essay, which, while retrospective, treats also of to-day. What they prove, is that, in matters of art, tradition always presides, to a greater or less extent, at the birth and the development of everything useful and beautiful, and that the present cannot be explained without our knowing and comprehending the past. The concerts given for the last three years by M. Guilmant in the hall of the Trocadéro are related to those which, a century ago, found a home at the Tuilleries, in a much less spacious locality, the Salle des Suisses, afterward called the Salle des Maréchaux.

The "Concerts Spirituels," or Sacred Concerts of the last century were originally intended to replace theatrical performances during the period of Easter, and at certain solemn festivals. It was the brother of the celebrated composer, Philidor, who founded them, and the King lent him a special apartment in the Tuilleries. The 18th

March, 1725, was the day which saw the birth of what was a genuine Academy of Music, the number of concerts given annually being twenty-four or twenty-five. There were eighty-two performers, including a conductor, an organist, eight reciters, or solo singers, male and female, and fifty-four symphonists. These concerts, which soon enjoyed a very great reputation in France and Europe, lasted till the end of 1791, when there was a long period of silence extending down to 1805.

In the year 1780, then, if we look over the programmes of the Sacred Concerts, at the head of which stood Gossec to direct the orchestra, and one of the Couperins for the organ, we find among the principal works interpreted by such singers as Le Gros, Lays, Mmes. Todt and Saint-Huberti, symphonies by Gossec, and airs by Piccinni, Sacchini, Paisiello, Gluck, etc., besides melodies and concertos by Bach, symphonies by Haydn and Mozart, Pergolesi's *Stabat*, fragments from the *Carmen Sacrale* of Philidor, who had just achieved a great success in England, oratorios by various composers of the day, a "Te Deum," a "Dies iræ," and a "Veni, sanctus Spiritus," by Gossec, these different pieces of the liturgy being adapted for the festivals of Whitsuntide, All Saints, All Souls, etc. Among the eminent instrumentalists we may mention Dupont the violoncellist; Ozi, the bassoon player; and Punto, the hornist. Among the prodigies of the period were Mlle. Murdich, a distinguished flautist, and Rodolphe Kreutzer, then scarcely thirteen, who was greatly applauded in a violin concerto, written by his master, Stamitz.

The Sacred Concerts were discontinued at the end of 1791, to be revived about 1805, with varying fortune and elsewhere than in the Tuilleries. Gradually, what had so long been a brilliant institution disappeared, or was hardly ever mentioned, save at very rare intervals, and during Passion Week. From twenty-four or twenty-five, the number of concerts annually was reduced to two or three.

One especial obstacle to the continuation, or rather resurrection, of these interesting and useful meetings was the want of a locality large enough to enable their directors to render them accessible to the masses. At last, in 1878, the erection of the Salle du Trocadéro supplied this lamentable deficiency. In future, classic music has at its disposal a building worthy of it. There is a huge difference between the thousand or fifteen hundred places at the old Sacred Concerts and the five thousand of the amphitheatre at the Trocadéro. M. Cavaillé-Coll's grand organ—more favored in this respect than the other instruments and the voices, which have not much to thank the acoustic qualities of the edifice for—sounds powerfully through the vast space, and replaces Cliquot's charming, but too modest instrument, which lent its aid at the old concerts. An immense distance has been traversed, a great advance made, by passing from the fourteen or fifteen registers of Cliquot's instrument to the sixty of the organ at the Trocadéro. M. Cavaillé-Coll's organ, by itself, is equal to the most powerful orchestra in the world.

The concerts inaugurated and carried on with such brilliant success by M. Guilmant for the last three years are in very many respects a revival of the old Sacred Concerts. They are, it is true, essentially organ concerts, but vocal and instrumental music fill a sufficient space in them for the assimilation to suggest itself naturally to the mind.

But this year more especially, M. Guilmant has attempted a resurrection possessing all the attraction and charm of something previously untried. We refer to the performance with organ and band, of Handel's concertos, so popular in England but hitherto not known in France. Some of

the great master's oratorios gave, a few years ago, a foretaste of these fine works, which are at one and the same time popular, and highly artistic in character. Handel wrote eighteen concertos for organ and orchestra. M. Guilmant, with the assistance of M. Colonne's excellent body of players, has given us four of these remarkable compositions with, in addition, a notable fragment from a fifth; thereby constituting the great and legitimate success of his very interesting entertainments. We had the fourth concerto in F; the seventh in B-minor; the first, in G-minor; the second, in B-minor; and, lastly, a fragment of the sixth. We lay particular stress on Handel's concertos without again analyzing, after the reports published in this paper, the programmes of which they formed the chief ornament; indeed it was the announcement that they were to be given, which attracted to the four concerts so numerous an audience that more than 300 persons had to be turned back on each occasion. Having come with a feeling of curiosity mingled with a certain prejudice against works supposed to be purely scholastic and consequently wearisome, the public were first astonished, then charmed, and finally enraptured with such melody united to such science, and disguising art by art itself. The frank rhythms, the genuine good humor, the rapid pace which caused tolerably long pieces to appear too short, all combined to ensure the immediate success of these masterpieces, which have so long formed part of the regular repertory in Germany and more especially in England. The effect produced by their performance was well expressed by an amateur who observed: "This music possesses a rustic flavor which is charming; we breathe it like the perfume of a meadow; it has the odor of thyme." M. Guilmant has been worthily rewarded for his efforts by a degree of success hitherto unprecedented in this branch of art. His concerts have been more than an agreeable recreation for the crowd; they may lay claim to the character of an artistic imitation. Are there many of which we can say as much?

CH. BARTHELEMY.

#### WAGNER ON BEETHOVEN.<sup>1</sup>

.... Touching Beethoven, Wagner declares that it was the mission of the master to assert the proper function of his art; to release it from the bondage of the external and trivial, and make it a revelation of the inmost soul. On this point our author, after referring to the retardation of Mozart's development by "unprecedented deviations," goes on to say: "We see young Beethoven, on the other hand, facing the world at once with that defiant temperament which, throughout his life, kept him in almost savage independence; his enormous self-confidence, supported by haughtier courage, at all times prompted him to defend himself from the frivolous demands made upon music by a pleasure-seeking world. He had to guard a treasure of immeasurable richness against the importunities of effeminate taste. He was the soothsayer of the innermost world of tones, and he had to act as such in the very forms in which music was displaying itself as a merely diverting art." We will not stop to inquire whether Wagner's picture of Beethoven's "savage independence" is exactly warranted by the facts of, at least, the early part of his career. It is more important to raise a question as to the obligation expressed in the last-quoted sentence. Wagner was bound to meet the argument that his hero accepted, and, to the last, worked upon the recognized form of art, and we find here some sort of necessity assumed. Our author admits that Beethoven "never altered any of the

<sup>1</sup> From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*. (Translation from the *London Musical World*.)

<sup>1</sup> "Beethoven." By Richard Wagner. With a Supplement from the Philosophical Works of Arthur Schopenhauer. Translated by Edward Dannreuther. (London: Reeves.)

extant forms of instrumental music on principle; the same structure can be traced in his last sonatas, quartets, symphonies, etc., as in his first." He would have acted according to reason, we are told, if he had overthrown those forms as a lot of useless "external scaffolding"; but he did nothing of the kind, although the "rough vehemence of his human nature shows how he felt the ban these forms laid upon his genius, with a sense of personal suffering almost as great as that which he felt under the pressure of any other conventionality." The entirely gratuitous assumption expressed in these words makes it all the more imperative that Wagner should explain to us why the savagely independent spirit of Beethoven did not burst asunder the chafing fetters of form. But our author does nothing of the kind. He tells us, in words already cited, that Beethoven "had to" observe form. Why "had to"? We can see no obligation, and the fair inference is that the master adhered to accepted artistic methods in the exercise of his right of choice, conscious that they did not hinder but rather assist a full and intelligible expression of his ideas. How much Wagner is at a loss to reconcile his theory of Beethoven with Beethoven's acts appears by his riding out of the matter on the back of a compliment to the German nation: "Here again is apparent the peculiarity of the German nature, which is inwardly so richly and deeply endowed, that it leaves its impress upon every form, remodels the forms from within, and thus escapes the necessity of externally overthrowing it." This may be very true, but affords no proof that Beethoven despised the forms he, through life, so scrupulously observed. While we challenge Wagner on this point, it is impossible not to agree with his glowing description of the manner in which Beethoven's genius gave new life to the old methods. He may be somewhat hard upon the master's predecessors when he likens their works to a painted transparency with the light held *before* the picture, and Beethoven's to the same transparency with the light *behind* it, but every word of the following is true: "Assuredly it is an enchanted state we fall into when listening to a genuine work of Beethoven's. In all parts and details of the piece, that to sober senses look like a complex of technical means cunningly contrived to fulfill a form, we now perceive a ghost-like animation, an activity here most delicate, there appalling, a pulsation of undulating joy, longing, fear, lamentation, and ecstasy, all of which again seem to spring from the profoundest depths of our own nature. For the feature in Beethoven's musical productions which is so particularly momentous for the history of art is this: that every technical detail, by means of which for clearness' sake the artist places himself in a conventional relation to the external world, is raised to the highest significance of a spontaneous effusion." Surely if this prove anything beside Beethoven's greatness, it shows that the classical forms which "for clearness' sake" the master used are not incompatible with the complete manifestation of even a stupendous genius. Why then assail or ignore them, as some of Beethoven's successors take pride in doing?

Wagner next gives us some interesting remarks upon the difference in the essential natures of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The first-named master was satisfied to be a Prince's attendant. "Submissive and devout, he retained the peace of a kind-hearted, cheerful disposition to a good old age." Mozart, on the other hand, found servitude unbearable, and spent himself in "an incessant struggle for an undisturbed and secure existence," sacrificing his fugitive earnings to the petty enjoyments of life. On his part, Beethoven, far too haughty to attend either prince or public, lived so much within himself that he was comparatively

indifferent to the world of external things. And, as he withdrew farther and farther from that world, the clearer became his insight into inner and inward things. In urging this upon us Wagner becomes truly eloquent, and we follow his argument with unalloyed pleasure. In the light here shown, deafness came to Beethoven as a gift from the gods: "For the outer world now became extinct to him; not that blindness robbed him of its view, but because deafness finally kept it at a distance from his hearing. The ear was the only organ through which the outer world could still reach and disturb him; it had long since faded to his eye. What did the enraptured dreamer see when, fixedly staring with open eyes, he wandered through the crowded streets of Vienna, solely animated by the waking of his inner world of tones?"

We must pass over Wagner's remarks upon Beethoven's optimism in religious belief, and in the capacities of human nature, simply pointing out how, in view of it, he compares the master to a saint whose suffering is enhanced by every display of evil works and ways. Beethoven's reason we are told, impelled him "to construct the Idea of the Good Man," and then to find a melody proper to him. In working out this fanciful hypothesis Wagner becomes extravagant to the cool-headed reader. He speaks of the "Eroica" Symphony as "almost" indicating Beethoven's search after the Good Man; who is, however, more obviously found in the finale of the "C-minor," to which the "Eroica" appears as "a protracted preparation, holding us in suspense like clouds moved now by storms, now by delicate breezes, from which at length the sun bursts forth in full splendor." As for the melody fitted to the Good Man, Wagner discovers it in the last movement of the Ninth Symphony; "The most consummate art has never produced anything more artistically simple than that melody, the childlike innocence of which, when it is first heard in the most equable whisper of the bass stringed instruments in unison, breathes upon us as with a saintly breath. It now becomes the Plain-Song—the choral of the new congregation, around which, as in the church choral of Sebastian Bach, the harmonic voices form contrapuntal groups as they severally enter. There is nothing like the sweet fervor to which every newly-added voice further animates this type of purest innocence, until every embellishment, every glory of elevated feeling, unites in it and around it, like the breathing world round a finally revealed dogma of purest love." This is not less true than eloquent; but Beethoven would probably be surprised, could he live again, at the theory which connects his beautiful theme with search after a melody fitting for an ideal Good Man.

He might also want to know why such a melody is not recognised as having been found when the Choral Fantasia was written. Wagner now goes on to insist that Beethoven "emancipated melody from the influence of fashion and fluctuating taste," and not only so, but gave to vocal music, in relation to that which is instrumental, a new significance, by treating the voices, not with reference to their verbal text, but as "human instruments." An orchestra with voices thus became simply an orchestra with enhanced capabilities—in other words, additional instruments. "We are all aware," says Wagner, "that music loses nothing of its character even when very different words are set to it; and this fact proves that the relation of music to the *art of poetry* is purely illusory; for it holds true that when music is heard, with singing added thereto, it is not the poetical thought, which, especially in choral pieces, can hardly be articulated intelligibly, that is grasped by the auditor, but, at best, only that element of it which to the musician seemed suit-

able for music, and which his mind transmuted into music." This leads our author into a philosophical discussion of "the most complete drama," as we should have it from the combination of a Shakespeare and a Beethoven, each speaking out of his inmost consciousness, regardless of forms and conventionalities. As to this part of the argument we must refer the reader to the book itself, since to touch it all would necessitate the taking up of large space.

Wagner anticipated that his peculiar ideas about Beethoven would be held up to ridicule, and he here discusses at some length the literary and aesthetic degeneracy of our age. He attributes it almost entirely to fashion—the subordination of individuality to a common pattern. The true paradise of mental activity, he tells us, was found before letters were invented, or written upon parchment or paper. But when written characters were introduced, mental activity abated, and still more was this the case after the invention of printing. Down to this point, however, there was some hope. "The genius of a people could come to an understanding with the printer," but the rise of journalism removed the last chance. "For now opinions only rule, 'public opinions,' and they can be had for money. Whoever takes in a newspaper has procured its 'opinions' over and above the waste paper; he need not think or reflect any further; what is to be thought of God and the world lies ready before him in black and white." Thus, hopelessly in bondage to fashion or "public opinion," we must, on Wagner's showing, look to music for comfort. The kingdom of music, like that of religion, is not of this world. "Let every one experience for himself how the entire modern world of phenomena, that, to his despair, everywhere impenetrably hems him in, suddenly vanishes away as soon as he hears the first bars of one of these divine symphonies. How could we possibly listen with any devotion to such music at one of our concert-rooms, if the physical surroundings did not vanish from our optical perception? Yet this is, taken in its most serious sense, the uniform effect of music over and against our entire modern civilization; music extinguishes it as sunshine does lamplight." It is the spirit of this powerful and unfettered art, from which Beethoven struck the last shackles of fashion when he emancipated melody, that, according to Wagner, will re-animate our civilization as far as concerns the artistic Man. On the same authority, the task of re-animation devolves upon the German spirit, and will be achieved by it provided it learn to comprehend the situation properly and relinquish every false tendency.—*Lond. Mus. Times.*

#### THE LEIPZIG CONSERVATORIUM.

In the columns of the *Parisian*, a young English lady, Miss Bessie Richards, gives a brief but interesting description of life in Leipzig, with special reference to the career of young ladies who enter at the Leipzig Conservatoire. Miss Bessie Richards was, it is well known, a student at the Leipzig Conservatoire, and she therefore speaks from experience. Altogether her picture of life in the Saxon city is a highly favorable one. For a home you have the choice of boarding with a family—married officers and persons of similar standing freely receiving boarders—or having private apartments. Miss Bessie Richards chose the latter alternative, and she had a room which served at once as a bed, sitting, and reception room. A large Berlin stove, without any visible fire, but which warms the apartment far more effectually than the open fire-places; a wooden bed, which is concealed by a screen during the day, a few chairs, a table, two or three rugs, and a parquet floor, rendering a carpet unnecessary, form the furniture of these apartments. The examination to secure admission to the Conservatoire is almost nominal, and the thing is clenched

by the reading aloud of the rules and the payment of the fees. Miss Bessie Richards says:—

"As the professors present did not understand English, I fear, when on one occasion I was deputed to read the above-mentioned rules to some of my country-people, my sense of the humorous overcame my respect for the authorities; and some clauses which I added on my own account, delivered with a gravity befitting the occasion, slightly astonished my hearers. After giving the dates of their birth, with brief biographies of their nearest relations, the students are provided with a plan of the daily lessons and can begin work."

Into the system of study adopted at the Leipzig Conservatoire Miss Bessie Richards unfortunately does not enter in detail. She merely says that each student or "Conservatorist" and "Conservatoristin," as they are called, has a right to from six to eight lessons a week in piano, violin, violoncello, or singing, and harmony; besides which there are weekly lectures, ensemble classes for the practice of concerted music, and entertainments (Abendunterhaltungen), every Friday evening, arranged for the purpose of accustoming the inexperienced artists to perform in public. These take place in the concert-hall, a room capable of holding from four to five hundred people; and all interested in the success of the Conservatorium are admitted. Miss Richards complains that at the Conservatoire "the male and female classes are kept carefully apart: a precaution which appeared to me very unnecessary, since I never met a member of the institution who could have succeeded in diverting my attention for one moment from my studies." After some cursory remarks on the hats of the gilded youth of Leipzig, Miss Richards proceeds to describe the amusements of the city. She says:—

"The amusements offered in Leipzig during the winter are the theatres, numerous concerts, and skating. The new theatre is a large and handsome building, where operas and dramas are given alternately every evening. Although the 'stars' of London, Paris, and St. Petersburg are seldom heard there, great attention is paid to the orchestra and chorus, resulting in a generally good performance. The low prices (the most expensive seats costing only four shillings on ordinary occasions) enable even persons of slender means to indulge frequently in these entertainments. The principal orchestral concerts are the Gewandhaus, the Euterpe, and occasional church concerts for the performance of oratorios, masses, etc. There are also the Kammermusik Soirées, or chamber music soirées, once a week, and occasional concerts organized by stray artists visiting the town. The Gewandhaus Concerts every Thursday evening are the event of the week. The rehearsals, at which members of the Conservatorium have the privilege of being present, take place on Wednesday morning, beginning at nine o'clock—the early hour raising murmurs, in which even the most enthusiastic amateurs cannot but join. All the numbered seats having been subscribed for by the same families for years, and being looked upon as heir-looms, outsiders wishing to be present at these concerts are condemned to sit in the Kleiner Saal, where it is possible to see, but not, except from the few seats facing the door which leads into the large room, to hear. To secure the coveted chairs is the ambition of all; and a formidable party may be found assembled on the stairs of the Gewandhaus an hour before the doors are opened, prepared on the ringing of the bell, the signal for their admission, to incur any risks in compassing this end. The new comers, uninitiated in these customs, are slightly astonished on arriving shortly before the beginning of the concert, to find all chance of obtaining a seat at an end. But, shortly after, the novice, who a few weeks earlier would probably have been sauntering leisurely into St. James's Hall in all the splendor of evening array, might be seen scampering madly along the passages of the Gewandhaus, upsetting any one who barred the way to the longed-for seat. The discovery of a less-frequented entrance on the other side of the hall caused at one time a certain amount of excitement, and a few admitted to the secret were missed from their usual posts on the stairs. The result was that the two parties, rushing frantically from

opposite directions, fell into each other's arms; and in the struggle the seats which had been the object of this unseemly encounter fell to the lot of the less enterprising competitors bringing up the rear. The Euterpe Concerts are also of considerable repute, but not sufficiently so to necessitate a resort to strong measures in order to obtain a stall."

Miss Richards also describes the cafés, giving an amusing picture of the fondness of grown men and women for chocolate, and the horror of the average German for a current of fresh air in a room; and with a description of the arrangements for skating, and a warm panegyric of the hospitality and kindness of the inhabitants towards strangers, her interesting essay concludes.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1880.

### LOCAL ORCHESTRAS.

Mr. C. Villiers Stanford, one of the rising composers of England, and a musician of culture, living and working at Cambridge University, has addressed the following letter to the organists of the English cathedrals. Though we have no cathedral cities, and no military centres of the kind here alluded to, yet the principal suggestion in the letter would seem to be, *mutatis mutandis*, equally applicable to the musical condition of some parts at least of our own country.

We have frequently insisted in these columns on the desirableness of having a good local orchestra in every city and large town which has acquired importance as a musical centre. Nothing could do so much to secure the musical independence of a community. It would leave us far less at the mercy of speculating managers and agents, with their travelling bands and orchestras. If we have not trained cathedral choirs, we have in many towns and cities vocal societies, which study with enthusiasm oratorios and cantatas of the highest character, and would perform them often if they only had the means of a suitable instrumental accompaniment without going to Boston or New York for it. What gives real musical character to a place is its possession, all within itself, of its own orchestral, as well as its own vocal, organization. The same thing may be said also of the opera; there will be no true opera in America until we cease to be dependent for this costly and luxurious entertainment upon the travelling impresarii, and have permanent, established, local lyric theatres of our own.

Mr. Stanford suggests to his brother cathedral organists that "out-going choristers" (boys we presume) in the several choirs might be taught to play instruments against the time when their voices would naturally fail them. This resource would amount to little here. But, on the other hand, with all our music schools and "Conservatories," and with the increasing interest in music everywhere about us, might not the materials for a small orchestra be found and made available by training, not only in principal cities like Boston, but in large towns like Worcester, Salem, Springfield, etc.,—in short, wherever an oratorio society exists? And it would also serve for purely instrumental concerts. Mr. Stanford writes:—

Sir,—In the present acknowledged dearth of local orchestras in England, I venture to ask your attention to, and if possible co-operation in, a plan for supplying a want so widely felt. Good chorus singers and choral societies are in plenty, while the means of adequately accompanying them is so rare, that either an orchestra must be obtained at great expense from London or Manchester, or else recourse must be had to the miserable substitute of a harmonium or pianoforte. If we except Bristol, and a very few of the larger cities, local orchestra-concerts, such as are to be found flourishing in the smallest German towns, are unknown; and that too, not from the absence of musical appreciation in the

English public, but from the lack of instruction in orchestral instruments. I have tried, and hitherto with success, the expedient of having out-going choristers in my choir taught orchestral instruments, and their previous musical training stands them in such good stead, that I confidently expect to find eventually good results in a competent local orchestra. The knowledge of orchestral instruments will be profitable to them, in that it will supplement their income from whatever mercantile or other pursuits they enter upon when they leave the choir. I trust that you will see your way to developing this idea in your town and choir. If the Cathedral cities were to make an effort in this direction, the effect both upon English audiences and English music, would, I feel convinced, be a most marked one. As many Cathedral towns are also military centres, no difficulty would be found in procuring the services of a band-master or other qualified person to teach the various instruments.

Hoping for your valuable co-operation in this plan, and for any suggestions you may make for its furtherance, I remain, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, July 27th, 1880.

### HOUSEHOLD MUSIC.

One of the most powerful means for the dissemination of musical knowledge and the consequent progress in musical art, is the proper practice of music in the household. Sufficient attention is not given to the cultivation of this phase of the art. It is too generally looked upon as an unimportant branch of education, which may take care of itself. But this is a mistake; because it denies the people a vast amount of pleasure and profit. Musical enthusiasts who are continually running wild over music and musicians would do well to devote some of their exuberant energy to the propagation of music in the home circle. The average young lady amateur should be taught that outside of her two or three little piano pieces there is a world of music, which, if she will, she may enter with delight and profit to herself. As a household instrument, the piano is unsurpassed; but its abuse must be guarded against. It is so popular a form of music-making that people are apt to look upon it as the only musical instrument available for the household. The interchange of sympathy and enthusiasm, brought about by the practice of part-singing or part-playing in the household, is far more conducive to the propagation of musical art among the people than is the incessant and indifferent use of any one instrument.

The violin and orchestral instruments generally are now much studied by ladies, so that, besides the gentleman players who can be procured, the material for home orchestras is not lacking. This form of home music combines informal social enjoyment with deep study of the works of the great masters. Moreover, it has the additional effect of familiarizing the casual listener with the masterworks of musical genius, until their intrinsic beauties grow upon him. Hence, side by side with the spread of concerted music in the household, will grow the popular appreciation of that classic music which is now too rigidly believed to be far above the comprehension of the masses. Many persons do not enjoy classic music, not because they lack a natural taste for it, but because they do not listen to it often enough to grow familiar with it. The practice of holding musical evenings in the house, for the performance of both solo and concerted music, is one likely to stimulate a love for the art. In the performance of part music, the piano can be brought into use in numerous ways. Apart from its unique use as a solo instrument, the piano is invaluable for accompanying, on account of its harmony-producing powers. Though it has not that perfection of intonation to be found in the stringed instruments, its unique qualities will always sus-

tain it as the instrument of instruments for household use. It certainly is a much abused thing, but its use is so important that the abuse is, in a measure, excusable. Very few people take proper care of the piano. They allow it to be exposed to the vagaries of the atmosphere and of piano-thumping young ladies. Not having an acutely musical ear, they do not know when their instrument gets out of order, or, knowing, they neglect to have it tuned often enough. The consequence is that such neglect inflicts a permanent injury upon the instrument, destroying its quality of tone and purity of intonation. These defects combine to blunt the musical sensibilities of the learner on the instrument, as well as to grate upon the sensitive ear of the musician.

The quality of the musical compositions for the piano in use of late years is much better than formerly, yet much room remains for improvement. Trashy songs and piano pieces still occupy too prominent a place upon the household music-stand. When a higher standard of musical appreciation is reached by the general public, this demand for trashy music will cease. Meanwhile, it is reasonable to think that an inferior quality of music in the household is better than none at all, since it may indirectly lead to the appreciation of something better. Many hot-headed musicians and ultra-classicists do not endorse this view of the matter, but erroneously urge the introduction of classic music into every household, where not even the slightest preparation has been made for its reception. The adequate appreciation of classic music is a matter of education and time. There is no reason why the best and highest music may not, in course of time, become a common means of household enjoyment. The general public has begun to find that there is greater beauty than they had supposed in classic music, as the appreciation of it at concerts testifies. And so, in very many homes it has justly usurped the place of the light and ephemeral trash which has so long held sway.

To place music in the house upon its legitimate footing, it is necessary that it should be somewhat systematized. Every household ought to form a musical club, composed of a few select members, who would meet together regularly for practice and for social enjoyment. The musical duties ought to be carried out earnestly, and the evening's pleasure ought not to degenerate into a mere pastime. Nor is it sufficient that devotees of the art be merely executants. There are many branches outside of the playing of music which are of deep interest to the true music-lover. The perusal and discussion of the several branches of musical literature are never-failing means to arouse in thinking minds an interest and enthusiasm which cannot but bear good fruit. To read the biography of a composer, then to study an analysis of certain of his works, and hear those works performed, is an absorbing treat to the man who is not a practical musician, as it is to one who is a deep student of the art. It is the intellectual phase of musical appreciation which our household musicians need to cultivate. The perusal of standard musical literature and the musical periodicals is one means to this great end. In addition to his inherent love for music, the more general culture a man possesses, the more will he be enabled to appreciate the depth and grandeur of the art—the broader will be his capabilities of conception and appreciation. If people thus gifted would bestow some of their attention on the cultivation of music in the house, in course of time there would be very little heard about the lack of general admiration for the best and highest in musical art. The sooner people learn that musical appreciation does not wholly consist in their passive attendance at concerts and operas, the sooner they will learn that their perfunctory

contributions to musical societies and the like are not the only requisites for the elevation of music; the better it will be for the ennobling art which demands active, personal sincerity from those followers who would elevate it to its proper place among the people. **GEORGE T. BULLING.**

#### OLE BULL.

A despatch from Bergen, Norway, by way of London, received here on the 19th inst., announced the death of the veteran violinist and great popular favorite, Ole Bull. For many years, and even until the past few months, he was a familiar figure in these parts, still attracting attention and admiration by his noble stature, his courteous demeanor, his outward dignity and grace, his benevolent and beaming countenance, crowned by the copious mass of hair white with age, which made his aspect venerable. He lived last winter at Cambridge, in the house of James Russell Lowell, enjoying the friendly intercourse of Longfellow and other friends of culture and distinction, who celebrated his seventieth birthday there last February; and he was often seen in concerts, both as performer and as hearer.

As a man, a mind, a character, he could be admired, without much admiration of his music. His personality was striking. There was a touch of genius, or something like it, in his face and in his conversation, and there was a certain charm in all his eccentricity. He was noted also for his public spirit, his generous aid of charitable or noble causes, and for the outspoken freedom of his opinions always on the side of liberty and of humanity. He could tolerate no nonsense, no affectation (although he has been often charged with the latter weakness, himself, in his art). He hated Wagner's music; we have heard him say: "There's murder in that music, it appeals to the lower passions." On the other hand, he was an intense admirer of Mozart, even more so than of Beethoven. Schumann seemed to be too much for him.

As a violinist, and as a composer, Ole Bull ranked rather as a virtuoso, than as a musician in the best sense. He had undoubtedly a sincere love of his instrument, could woo from it the sweetest, richest tones, and had acquired, in certain respects, a rare mastery of execution. But he dealt too much in brilliant, startling effects and in exaggerated sentimentality. He played down to his audience. He became the spoiled child of popular applause; always repeating himself, playing over and over for many years the same small stock of pieces, which were sure to please the multitude; manifesting no progress whatever as a musician and composer from the time of his first popular triumphs here in 1843. His compositions, which he almost always played, as well as his fantastic, rarely felicitous improvisations, were mostly of the flimsiest and even claptrap character; they pleased the crowd, and he was always upon exhibition, caring more for that, apparently, than for real earnest growth in art. Yet there was a certain halo of romance about him, a certain legendary something, that made him still a hero with the people. To them he seemed to embody and continue into our modern times the outworn minstrel character and function of the middle ages. While he has added nothing to the history of Art, his memory will be cherished as that of an imposing, genial, attractive personality. We take from the *Transcript* the following sketch of his career:

He was born in Bergen, Norway. His passion for music manifested itself at a very early age, but was discouraged by his father, who destined him for the church. At eight years old he played in the Philharmonic concerts at Bergen, and at nine he played first violin in Beethoven's symphony in D. When he was eighteen years of age his father sent him to the University of Christiana, which he soon left on account of taking charge of an orchestra at one of the theatres during the illness of the leader. In 1829 he went to Cassel to study with Spohr, but his reception was so cold as to almost entirely suppress his musical enthusiasm. He then began the study of law at Göttingen, but soon recovered from the despondency caused by his interview with Spohr, and once more determined to devote himself to his art, and went to Minden, where he gave his first concert with considerable success. At this place a quarrel with a fellow art-

ist resulted in a challenge, and in a duel which followed his antagonist was mortally wounded. Compelled to leave the country, he went to Paris, where he led a most precarious and wretched life, and after being robbed of everything he possessed, including his violin, he attempted suicide by drowning. He was rescued and taken to the house of a recently bereaved mother, who found in him a remarkable resemblance to her dead son, and assisted him so liberally that he was enabled to appear in public in the profession he had chosen. The next seven years were spent in professional tours through Europe, by which he acquired not only an extended reputation but a handsome fortune. In 1838 he returned to his native place with his wife, a Parisian woman, and five years later made his first visit to the United States, where he was enthusiastically received, his concert tour yielding him a rich pecuniary harvest. In 1845 he returned to Europe, and during the succeeding seven years gave a series of concerts in the principal cities of the continent, made a campaign in Algeria against the Kabyles under General Yusuf, built a theatre in his native town, and made an effort to establish in Norway national schools in literature and art. His liberality and patriotism brought him in contact with the police because of his political preferences, and a number of vexatious lawsuits dissipated his fortune, and in 1852 he made his second visit to this country. In the same year he purchased a tract of uncultivated land, comprising 120,000 acres, in Potter County, Pennsylvania, and founded an agricultural colony, to which the name of Oleana was given in honor of its founder. The project, however, was only partially successful, and to relieve the pecuniary embarrassments which followed he resumed his concerts. Upon the completion of the Academy of Music in New York in 1854, he leased the building and undertook the management of Italian opera, which, however, proved extremely disastrous, and at the end of two months was abandoned. He again returned to Europe, where he gave concerts with much success. In April, 1866, he was reported to have died in Quebec, but since that time he has had a very busy and prosperous life. On June 1, 1870, he was married to Miss Sarah C. Thorp, daughter of Hon. J. G. Thorp of Madison, Wis. Some months later he came again to America. Since then he has lived in America most of the time, and during last winter was a resident of Cambridge, where he occupied Hon. James Russell Lowell's estate. During recent years he has frequently appeared here in concerts, and he has taken a deep interest in all matters pertaining to music, the drama and art.

#### LOCAL ITEMS.

Miss Lillian Bailey and Mr. George Henschel, the noted baritone, late of London, arrived here last week, and are now visiting at Haydenville, Mass. Mr. Henschel will not sing here before his return to England, where he is engaged for the Leeds Festival in October. He will make his American début on his return here, Nov. 6, in New York, and will be heard first in this city in the Bay State course, Nov. 11. Pity that the Handel and Haydn Society cannot have him to sing the part of Elijah, at the opening of the new Tremont Temple!

— The Handel and Haydn Society will perform the *Messiah* and *Elijah* in the opening week of the new Tremont Temple. In the first oratorio, October 11, Miss Lillian Bailey will be the soprano soloist, making her first re-appearance in this city after singing at the Worcester Festival.

— The Mendelssohn Quintet Club's new members for the coming season are Isidore Schnitzler, first violin, from Rotterdam, and Ernst Thiele, violin, from Philadelphia. Messrs. William Schade, flute, and Frederick Giese, cello, make their second season with the club, and Thomas Ryan begins his thirty-first year with the organization which he created. The club, with Miss Lewis, who has just returned from Europe, after an absence of two years, are preparing to make a concert tour in Maine and the Provinces, appearing in St. John, N. B., Sept. 7, returning to Boston about the 25th.

— The Boston Philharmonic Orchestra, Bernhard Listemann, conductor, is to be increased for the coming season to forty-two men, and will give five concerts of classical and miscellaneous selections before the New Year. The principal works promised are the following:—

Symphonies: Beethoven—*Pastoral* in F, No. 6; Liszt—A "Faust" symphony in three parts, with *Schluss* chorus and *Dante* symphony (first part, "Inferno"); Raff—"Im Walde"; Tschaikowski—Suite, Op. 43. Overtures: Weber—"Freischütz"; Berlioz—"Le Carnaval Romain"; Gluck—"Iphigenie in Aulis" (finished by Wagner); Beethoven—"King Stephen"; Wagner—"Eine Faust Ouverture"; Goldmark—"Penthesilea"; Dvorak—"Der Bauer ein Schelm"

(The Peasant a Rogue). Miscellaneous: Rubinstein—“Don Quixote” (musical character picture); Hoffman—Three character pieces; Mozart—Divertimento in D; Wagner—“Siegfried’s Funeral March,” “Waldweisen” and “Kaisermarsch”; Tchaikowski—Andante for strings; Dvorak—Slavonic Dances (new); Ed. Kretschmer—“Abendrufe” for strings; Brahms—Hungarian Dances; Saint-Saëns—“The Youth of Hercules” and “Phaeton”; Paine—Scherzo from “Spring Symphony”; Handel—Andante and Menuet from the Fourth Concerto, and Musette from the Sixth Concerto; Bach, Gavotte in D minor; Liszt—“Carnival of Pest” and “Rakoczy March”; Zopf—“Idylle,” for two orchestras; Strauss—Waltzes, etc.

— The Sunday *Herald* tells us:—

Few musicians have been more in demand than Theodore Thomas has since his return, managers from all sections vieing with each other in their efforts to secure his services. Offers for one hundred night engagements and for more extended concert tours have been made him by a number of responsible amusement caterers, but largely with no result. Manager Peck has, however, secured his services, with that of his newly-organized orchestra, for the last week in October, when a series of concerts will be given in this locality. It is more than probable that one of the attractions of this engagement will be the production of “The Damnation of Faust,” with all the attractions, as regards a perfect orchestra, efficient soloists and chorists that can be desired. A number of the novelties brought over by Mr. Thomas, and so strictly guarded [!] from public knowledge, will also be produced during this engagement.

WORCESTER, MASS. The twenty-third annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association will occur September 20th to 24th inclusive. Its scheme embraces eight concerts of a very high character, introducing artists prominent in every department, in Europe as well as this country, in solo and concerted music; and, in connection with the great chorus of the association an augmented orchestra and the Worcester organ, in works of the largest and most brilliant character.

At the head of the long array of eminent artists, under engagement for the festival, is the name of the charming soprano, Mrs. E. Aline Osgood, who, having been engaged at large expense by the association for this festival, retires for a short period from the scenes of her recent triumphs in England, to return there at once upon the fulfillment of her contract at the Worcester festival, in order to fill an engagement as principal soprano with Albani, at the Leeds festival of October 14th to 18th, and other engagements immediately following. Mrs. Osgood is one of the very foremost sopranos in public estimation, and the committee who boldly assumed the necessary expense to secure her services deserve commendation.

Miss Lillian Bailey, the pleasing young soprano just arrived from England, Italy, Germany and Holland, where she has created great enthusiasm by her pure voice and sympathetic, artistic singing, has also been secured. Miss Bailey’s appearance here at the festival of 1877 is well remembered, and she will be welcomed home again from successes abroad with much pleasure.

As it is a part of the plan of the committee to introduce new and, to our audiences, unknown but meritorious talent each year, they have made an effort to do this the present year, and have engaged the services of Mrs. J. C. Hull, a rising soprano, lately secured as soprano at the Church of the Incarnation, New York city, who will appear on one or more occasions during the festival. Mrs. Hull has sung the leading rôle in Auber’s *Crown Diamonds* and Balfe’s *Bohemian Girl* as well as in most of the oratorios, and good things are expected of her.

Annie Louise Cary, who sustains the principal alto solos at the festival, requires no word of praise from us, and no introduction to a festival audience. It is understood that the committee, by insisting upon the fulfillment of her contract with them, simply occasioned Annie (sic) to conclude an engagement following with Mapleson here, rather than in England; contraltos of the calibre of Miss Cary are not common enough on either side of the Atlantic to remain long unemployed. Miss Ita Welsh will assume the mezzosoprano solos in the *Requiem Mass* by Verdi, which will be brought out with the same grand orchestral and general dramatic effect as called out such interest at its presentation in Boston at the triennial festival of the Handel and Haydn Society in May last.

Mr. C. R. Adams, who sang the work under its composer, and who first brought it to this country, will sing the great tenor airs in the *Requiem Mass*, while Mr. Clarence E. Hay will sustain the baritone solos in the same work, also appearing in other concerts during the festival. Mr. Theo. J. Toedt, the principal tenor of last year’s festival, will sing, as will also Mr. W. C. Tower and Mr. C. F. Bonney, the latter having lately returned from several years’ study abroad and recent successful appearances at the Crystal Palace concerts, London. Myron W. Whitney heads the list of bassos, which also contains the name of D. M. Babcock.

The Schubert Concert Company, comprising sixteen of the leading members of the Apollo Club, (male voices) of Boston, will also appear. The Eichberg Quartette of young lady violinists will undoubtedly repeat their success of last year’s festival and confirm the good impression then made by them.

Timothy Adamowski, the violin virtuoso, has been secured, as has also an increased orchestra of selected musicians. Negotiations are in progress with a first-

class pianist for concert solos, and also with other vocal and instrumental artists.

We have said enough to show conclusively that the coming festival will take a step in advance in interest over any its predecessors, and need only add, as a still greater assurance of success, that Messrs. B. D. Allen, George W. Sumner, and E. B. Story are to be the accompanists, and Carl Zerrahn conductor.

The festival chorus begin their fall series of rehearsals on Monday evening, August 30, continuing them on the evenings of September 2, 6, 9, 13, 16 and 17, the festival beginning the 20th of September, and continuing five days.—*Worcester Spy.*

CINCINNATI. The *Inquirer* has the following intelligence, which has also been widely disseminated by circular:

The College of Music, it may be safely said, is now a permanent institution of our city. It passed through a fiery furnace during the first few months of its existence, and has come from the flames of dissension, jealousy and discontent purified and perfect.

There are many of the doubting kind, who, when Theodore Thomas withdrew from the college, with looks of wisdom and nodding heads, said, “they knew the college would not be a permanent institution,” and with the passing away of Mr. Thomas these people expected the college would also disappear; but they have been disappointed.

The name of Theodore Thomas undoubtedly gave prestige to the college and proved a charm, but as he was not the soul of that institution, its life was not even threatened when he withdrew.

The college directors recently announced that a new department, “A School for Operatic Training,” was soon to be added to its already numerous branches of study. Col. George Ward Nichols, president of the college, has been in New York city for some time making arrangements to secure a competent teacher for this department, and it will be gratifying to our people to know that he has secured the services of the well-known and popular impresario, Max Maretzky. Mr. Maretzky will bring to the college his invaluable services as a teacher of singing, which, together with his long experience as an impresario, eminently fits him for this position. The letter of Mr. Maretzky to Colonel Nichols accepting the appointment is so interesting that we publish it. He pays a high compliment to the “native talent of America,” and displays his confidence in the College of Music and its success when he says that there is no need for American singers to go abroad to attain a perfect training when they have an operatic department in such a school as the College of Music. The acceptance of the position is also an evidence of the faith Mr. Maretzky has in our College of Music and its ultimate perfect success. It will not be out of place to state here that the number of pupils at the college during the coming winter will be almost double that of last year. The applications of scholars are coming in daily, and it is now thought that at least one thousand pupils will be instructed in the college during the coming fall and winter terms. The letter of Mr. Maretzky is as follows:

NEW YORK, August 7, 1880.

“GEORGE WARD NICHOLS, Esq., President College of Music of Cincinnati.—Dear Sir: I accept with pleasure the flattering invitation of the Board of Directors of the College of Music of Cincinnati, to perform the duties of Professor of Voice and of the Operatic Department in your great institution. For over thirty years I have been associated as conductor and manager of the operatic stage, and during that time I have assisted in the appearance of the most prominent artists who have visited this country, and of many others who have been ambitious to become great artists. This long experience has revealed to me an immense amount of native talent, which only needed the right kind of musical training to produce American singers equal, if not superior, to any in the world. There is no need to go abroad to attain such training when there is, as you propose to have in connection with a school like yours, where the rudiments of music are already taught, a department where the student can be placed upon the stage and taught to act as well as sing. The position you offer to me suits my inclination, and I sincerely hope and believe that it may result in the much higher elevation of the standard of the operatic stage in this country.

“Believe me, yours truly, MAX MARETZKY.”

— Speaking of the Cincinnati college circular, announcing the engagement of Max Maretzky, the *Worcester Gazette* says: “Again appears to us the now familiar envelope of the Cincinnati College of Music, containing another circular. Both the enclosure and the shell bear the device of the college, with a lion rampant, *regardant*, with his tail curled round a post to steady himself, while he sings wildly of the departure of Theodore Thomas, accompanying himself on the harp. It is an ingenious bit of heraldry.”

#### MUSIC ABROAD.

PARIS. “C. H. M.” writes (July 31) to the London *Musical Standard*:

The public competition which has just ended at the Conservatoire has not disclosed many unsuspected Patti or sucking Rubinstein, nor indeed can it be said to have satisfied even the modest expectations we had formed of it. One artist of unquestionable talent has however been made known to us through it—Mlle. Tua, the young

lady who carried off the first prize in the violin competition. First prizes for singing were awarded to Miss Griswold (a clever American pupil of M. Barbot), and to Mlle. Merguiller. The first prizes for piano fell to M. René (a pupil of M. Marton), and to Mlle. Blum, (a pupil of M. Le Couppey). It is worth remark that Stephen Heller, the veteran composer of so many original and beautiful works, was one of the members of the jury in the piano section. The number of lady competitors in the violin class was this year larger than ever. Besides Mlle. Tua, two ladies, Mlle. Hillemacher and Roger, figure in the honor of the list—the first with a *premier accessit*, the last with a *deuxième accessit*.

In opera and opera comique the results have been disappointing in the extreme. The first prize for opera comique in the masculine department went to M. Piccaluga, a baritone whom we have heard on several occasions at the concerts. No other baritone need be singled out for mention. As to the tenors, all of the five who were admitted to the contest failed miserably. So the coming Mario must be looked for outside of Paris. In the wind instrument competition I was glad to notice that effective and much-neglected instrument, the trumpet, is being cultivated more than it has been of late. And this is, I think, all that need be said of the great annual event at the Conservatoire, so far as details are concerned. If the matter were examined from a more general standpoint, perhaps a great deal might be added. It might be asked for the hundredth time, whether the principle of these competitions is not radically mischievous and cruel: whether it would not be better to suppress all such delusive distinctions as *accessits* and second prizes, and whether it would not be better still to suppress even the first prizes rather than encourage fond, and in so many cases utterly unrealizable hopes, in the breasts of the unfortunate prize winners.

There is quite a romantic story attached to Mlle. Tua, the winner of the violin prize. The young lady (who is barely fifteen, I believe) is the daughter of a strolling Italian player, of whom she received her first notions of music, and with whom, when quite a child, she performed very often in humble places of amusement in Italy. A charitable French professor heard her play during a voyage a year or two ago, and was so struck by her extraordinary promise that he at once undertook to get her admitted to the Paris Conservatoire. With the aid of some generous friends he collected the modest sum necessary to support her and her father here till she could finish her studies and earn her own living by her art. She proved, as the result of this year’s competition shows, an apt pupil, and her future, at least, may be now considered as assured. The distribution of prizes will have taken place by the time this finds its way into print. M. Turquet, the Under Secretary of State, is again to preside at the ceremony. It is said that he will have the pleasant task of handing M. Ambroise Thomas the decoration of a grand officer of the Legion of Honor on the occasion.

There is absolutely nothing stirring in musical circles outside the Conservatoire and the opera of a nature to interest the general public. I may however, mention the report that the Paris Municipality has resolved to subsidize the Gaiety Theatre, and to use it in future for alternate performances of drama and opera.

At the opera we are being surfeited with “Guillaume Tell” and “Freischütz.” M. Massé has just finished his new opera, “Les Nuits de Cleopatre,” and we are, it appears, very shortly to be allowed to hear M. Widor’s ballet, the scene of which is laid in Brittany.

— A daily paper, says of Miss Griswold:

“The principal honors of the Concours de Chants, of the Paris Conservatoire, have fallen to Miss Gertrude Griswold, an American young lady, the niece of Mr. Brett Harte. This is the first time since the establishment of the famous Conservatoire that an American or even an English-speaking person has carried off the grand prize. The *Parisian* says: ‘Miss Griswold’s grand success this year is only the more gratifying because it was not only wholly deserved, but was achieved despite many and what would have been to almost any other person overwhelming difficulties. Day after day, through all the twelve months of three long years, she has sung and studied at the Conservatoire. It is not necessary for us to review Miss Griswold’s labors; it is sufficient to say that after a more than usually hard contest, she was pronounced both by the jury and public the best singer in the school, and the first prize was accordingly awarded to her. As to her artistic future Miss Griswold is not yet determined. After the public distribution of prizes, next month, at which Miss Griswold will sing, she may be engaged for a season at the Grand Opéra.’”

